

hats and faces  
coats and shoulders  
crowd them into the rumbling  
blackness  
and they are suddenly aware  
of Artaud  
's "art is shit."

#### Poem for a Girl on Ice

I saw you  
in the morning after drinking  
eggs and beer  
together  
with a little coffee  
resting on the lettuce  
in between the milk and cream  
cheese with the light out  
and the freezer melting a watery  
skin down your breasts and belly,  
holding two geraniums  
yr ear stuck to a grapefruit can.

When I put away the butter  
I remember seeing something  
in the late night  
coming in  
stumbling on the cat's bowl  
falling on the handle  
so the white door half opened  
to what I thought was hair  
along the egg shelf.

There was no note  
only a smile and the two  
geraniums  
both white  
and a nightgown of ice  
that dripped all night from the freezer  
compartment  
preserving all your lovely  
infidelities.

#### Phenomenological Photographs

##### 1.

A litter of pens  
matches, playing cards,  
a gray ash  
tray adorned with shells;  
cigarettes and coffee cups.



The cups are arranged as variables  
the matches struck  
one by one  
the cigarettes consumed  
over a period of four hours  
the cards shuffled, dealt,  
played out and restacked  
the ash tray filled with butts.

2.

This time stones and watches,  
fragments of stained glass  
three nude photos of orgies  
stuck in and out  
of an envelope  
the envelope wrinkled  
the stones gathered in a gold box  
the fragments of stained glass  
absorbing various light intensities  
then darkness and the watches  
stop.

3.

A rose in a broken bowl  
a ragged red rose  
wilted, scentless  
petals falling off  
filling the broken bowl  
with the color  
of smeared lipstick.

Short Dialogue

Philosopher: Do you think you have solved the problem?

Poet: I am not sure what the problem is all about.

Philosopher: Can you state the problem?

Poet: I cannot state it properly. I mean I cannot  
state it as a philosopher. I can only state it  
as a poet.

Philosopher: State it as a poet.

Poet: When all things are possible, the possibility  
of the impossible then becomes impossible.

Philosopher: Yes, that is the problem. By stating  
it, you have solved it.

-- Ben Pleasants

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